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And if the rhyme but jingles smooth and strong,
 Why let the grammar and the sense be wrong.
 Wo worth the wight, who tries the luckless part,
 To guide his genius by the rules of art.
 Your Dunce feels far more pleasure as *he* writes—
 From growing nonsense gathering new delights.
 Unknown to him the task, so dull, so sad,
 To choose the worthy, and refuse the bad ;
 Still as he writes, a self-complacent smile
 Dimples across, from ear to ear, the while.
 Enamour'd of each brat his brain brings forth,
 He marvels how such beauties *can* have birth.

Not so the lofty soul by genius curst,
 Who, following fame, still struggles to be first,
 Burning for perfect excellence, in vain
 He strives to reach the far ideal strain,
 And still the last his heavenly skill to own,
 Charms the whole world—except himself alone—
 While Wit and Taste delight to name his name,
 His ears are weary'd with the noise of fame,
 Known and admir'd in regions far remote,
 He sighs, alarm'd, to think he ever wrote.

Then, lov'd Moliere ! who witnessest my plight,
 O let my Muse find favour in thy sight.
 By all the virtues of that gentle heart,
 Teach me, oh teach thy friend, the rhyming art ;
 Or since that task would prove too vainly sore,
 Teach me the better art—to rhyme no more.

Erratum.—In the Third Satire, published in the last number of this Journal, for *nothing* read *nought*, in the following line:

“ I—who doat upon *nothing* like enlargement of station.”

Translation of some of Boileau's Epigrams.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone, and much regretted, lies
 One of no science, yet both learn'd and wise ;
 * A gentleman—and yet of humble birth—
 And though no *saint*, a man of sterling worth.

* The force of this antithesis was better felt in the court of Louis XIV, than it can be in this our land of many-traded, many-coloured *gentlemen*. The turn in the next line must be taken in a fanatical acceptance, and then it will not give offence.